

OCTOBER
No. 21

BLACKHAWK



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A DESTINY
WRITTEN IN
BLOOD
by
SATANA!



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IT PULLS ON
OVER THE
HEAD LIKE
A DIVER'S
HELMET

NOW WATCH ME HAVE
SOME FUN WITH THE
GANG TONIGHT AT
THE MASQUERADE



THE MYSTERI-
OUS CLOWN
SURE HAS THE
GIRLS ALL ADOG

WHO IS HE
AND WHERE
DID HE GET
THAT MASK

BOY! WOULD
I HAVE FUN
WITH THAT
CLOWN FACE

YOU'RE
FUNNIER
WITH YOUR
OWN

SEND NO MONEY!

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Blackhawk



—No man or woman born
—can shun his destiny!
—Bryant

From the seething chemicals in a thousand test tubes, from the sputtering lightning of complex machinery, an obscure scientist discovers a nuclear formula which dwarfs the atom bomb by its sheer power — X-235! And from that moment the destiny of Dr. Howard Jensen is written in blood, written in the hand of a woman known only as **SATANA!**

In this weird drama, Destiny beckons an evil finger to *The BLACKHAWK*

In a home-made laboratory, a nuclear scientist finally realizes a lifelong ambition...

CORA! CORA! COME QUICKLY! I'VE DONE IT! I'VE DONE IT!



MY LIFE'S WORK IS OVER, CORA DARLING! I'VE FINALLY CRACKED THE INTER-MEDIARY NEUTRON INTO A DEFINITE SUBSTANCE KNOWN AS X-285!

OH, DAD! I'M SO THRILLED! TELL ME ABOUT IT!



IT'S A TREMENDOUS STEP FORWARD! IN GOOD HANDS IT WILL REVOLUTIONIZE INDUSTRY AND MEDICINE! IT CAN BE EITHER A BLESSING TO MANKIND—OR IT CAN BE MAN'S FINAL ACT ON EARTH!



B-BUT, DAD! YOU CAN'T GO OUT ON A NIGHT LIKE THIS! IT'S RAINING CATS AND DOGS!

I'VE GOT TO, DEAR! I'M SO EXCITED! I JUST WANT TO WALK AND FEEL THE RAIN BEATING ON MY FACE!



Five minutes later...

WAIT HERE, POKEY! THIS LOOKS LIKE THE PLACE!



RIGHT! HURRY UP AND DRAG THE OLD MAN OUT, BAXTER! THIS CAPER'S GOT ME NERVOUS!

NO FIREWORKS, MIKE! WE WANT THIS GUY ALIVE!

I GOTCHA!



WH...? WHO ARE YOU? WHAT DO YOU WANT?

WE'LL CHAT INSIDE, LADY! LET'S GET IN OUT OF THE RAIN!



BLACKHAWK

LET GO OF ME, YOU BEAST! HOW DARE YOU--

CASE THE HOUSE, MAKE IT! YOU CAN'T FIND THE OLD MAN, TRY TO GRAB HIS PAPERS!

YOU CAN AVOID A LOT OF GRIEF BY TALKING, YOUNG LADY! YOUR FATHER WAS ON THE VERGE OF AN IMPORTANT DISCOVERY! WE WANT EITHER THE FORMULA HE WAS WORKING ON-- OR HIM!

YOU'RE INSANE! MY FATHER'S WORK WAS TOO IMPORTANT TO BE WRITTEN ON PAPER! HE CARRIES HIS NOTES IN HIS MIND--AND THE LIKES OF YOU WILL NEVER GET IT FROM HIM!

NO SIGN OF THE OLD MAN AND NOT A SCRAP OF PAPER IN THE JOINT!

THE GAMB COMES WITH US! SHE MAY FEEL LIKE TALKING A LITTLE MORE UNDER PRESSURE! PUT THE HEAT ON THE PLACE AND LET'S DUST!



While, in another part of town--

BRER! THIS RAIN GETS INTO MY BONES! LET'S GET SOME HOT COFFEE, CHUCK!

I HOPE THEY GET OUR SHIP'S REFUELED BY THE TIME WE'RE DONE! I WANT TO GET OUT OF THIS ONE-HORSE TOWN!

RAININ' LIKE OL' RARRY, EH, BOYS? WHAT'LL IT BE?

COFFEE-- AND MAKE IT HOT AND STRONG!

SAME HERE!



PULL OVER, POKEY! THERE'S BUNSEN NOW!

THE OLD BOY WON'T KNOW WHAT HIT HIM!

WH--? HELLLP! UGH!

SHUT UP, BUNSEN! YOU'LL HAVE PLENTY OF TIME TO GROAN BEFORE WE'RE THROUGH WITH YOU!







Later, on Blackhawk Island...

...AND THAT'S ALL THERE IS TO TELL! APPARENTLY THOSE MEN REPRESENTED A RING OF RUTHLESS PEOPLE WHO WOULD STOP AT NOTHING TO KNOW THE SECRET OF K-235!

EVEN ZE WRONG HANDS YOUR X-235 WOULD MAKE SHORT WORK OF ZEES OLD WORLD!



I HOPE YOU'LL ALL CONSENT TO AN IDEA I HAVE, MEN! I SUGGEST THAT WE PERMIT DR. BUNSEN TO ESTABLISH A NEW LABORATORY RIGHT HERE ON BLACKHAWK ISLAND, WHERE HE AND HIS WORK WILL BE SAFE FROM UNSCRUPULOUS HANDS!

WE LIKEE FINE!

GOOD IDEA, BY GOLLY!



IT'S AGREED, DR. BUNSEN! WE'LL HELP YOU GET YOUR EQUIPMENT AND WE'LL SEE THAT YOU ARE NOT DISTURBED! IN THE MEANTIME, WE'LL ALSO START WORKING ON THIS BUSINESS OF THOSE MURDERERS!

I--I DON'T KNOW HOW TO THANK YOU!



While far away, on an uncharted island...

YOU GUYS BETTER HURRY TO HEADQUARTERS! THE CHIEF IS WAITING FOR YOU!

OKAY! WE'LL TAKE THE BUNSEN DAME WITH US!



I SEE YOU AT LEAST ACCOMPLISHED HALF YOUR MISSION!

YES, WE GOT THE GIRL, BUT BUNSEN GOT AWAY THROUGH THE UN-FORTUNATE MESSING OF TWO-PASSERS-BY!



YOU SWINE! MUST I CONTINUALLY SURROUND MYSELF WITH FUMBLING IDIOTS?

B-BUT-- AGHH!

OH HH!

WE JUST GOT A FLASH FROM MARSDEN! BUNSEN HAS ESTABLISHED ANOTHER LABORATORY ON A PLACE CALLED BLACKHAWK ISLAND!

BLACKHAWK ISLAND, EH? GOOD! DRAG THESE CORPSES AWAY! THEY REVOLT ME!

I'VE NEGLECTED YOU TERRIBLY, MY DEAR! WE'VE SO MUCH TO TALK ABOUT! I UNDERSTAND FLYING IS YOUR HOBBY! IT'S MINE, TOO!

I'D MUCH PREFER DISCUSSING YOUR PLANS CONCERNING MY FATHER AND MYSELF!



WELL, IF WE MUST TALK ABOUT BUSINESS, VERY WELL! MY PLANS CONCERNING YOUR FATHER ARE QUITE SIMPLE! I WANT EITHER HIM OR HIS FORMULA! AS FAR AS YOU'RE CONCERNED, I WONDER IF YOU'VE NOTICED A MARKED SIMILARITY BETWEEN US!

I HAVE, BUT IT DOESN'T FLATTER ME!

HELLO, DRISCOLL? SEND UP MY HAIR-DRESSER AND DIG UP ANYTHING IN THE FILES PERTAINING TO DOCTOR OR MISS BUNSEN!

JUST WHAT DO YOU INTEND DOING, YOU VAMPIRE?

TSK! TSK! IT'S AMAZING HOW STUPID SOME OF OUR MOST BRILLIANT SCIENTISTS CAN BE! X-235 WOULD BE WASTED ON HUMANITY UNLESS IT WERE USED AS A WEAPON!

WHAT DO YOU PRETEND TO KNOW ABOUT HUMANITY, SHE-WOLF?



ARE YOU BEGINNING TO GET AN INKING OF MY PLANS, MISS BUNSEN? NOW DO I LOOK, GEORGE?

TERRIFIC! YOU TWO COULD PASS AS TWIN SISTERS!

NOW LISTEN CAREFULLY, BOTH OF YOU! I WANT MY SHIP RIPPED WITH BULLETS, RIGHT NOW! THEN, LOAD THE OTHER SHIP WITH BLANKS, GET IT?

B-BUT ... OH WELL, YOU'RE THE BOSS!



I STILL DON'T GET IT, CHIEF!
THAT WAS A PERFECTLY
GOOD SHOT!

THAT'S RIGHT, KERRY! BUT IT
WILL SERVE OUR PURPOSE
BETTER IN THAT CONDITION!
YOU'LL SEE! JUST FOLLOW
MY INSTRUCTIONS!



Later, on Blackhawk Island...

COME LOOKER
OUTSIDE! PLENTY
HAPPEN! TWO
PLANES SHOOTER
AT EACH OTHER!

WH--? WHY
THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE!
MUST BE A COUPLE
OF ARMY BOYS
CUTTING UP!



THOSE AREN'T
ARMY PLANES!
THEY'RE ACTUALLY
DOGS FIGHTING
UP THERE!

SACKE MONDE!
HE OTHAIRE PLANE
DOES NOT EVEN
TRY TO ATTACK!
HE WILL BE
MASSACRED!



LOOK, ANDRE!
THE PILOT
IS BAILING
OUT!

BUT
WAS HE
GOOD
FIGHT,
BUT
HOPELESS!



ARE
YOU
HURT?

NOT A SCRATCH!
I WAS LUCKY, I
GUESS! WHERE
AM I?



CORA! CORA, MY
DARLING! I CAN'T
BELIEVE MY EYES!
IS IT REALLY YOU?

OH, DAD! I NEVER
THOUGHT I'D SEE YOU
AGAIN! YES, IT'S ME--
SHAKEN UP A BIT, BUT
OKAY!





CHUCK, HURRY UP AND SEE IF YOU CAN TRACK THAT OTHER PLANE BY RADAR! HE'S NOT OUT OF RANGE OF YOUR FINDER YET!

RIGHT! I SHOULD BE ABLE TO PICK HIM UP!



A VOTRE SANTE! THEES CALLS FOR A CELEBRATION NES ENFANTS!

YES, BUT FIRST LET'S HEAR YOUR STORY, CORA!



...SO I STOLE A PLANE AND MADE A GETAWAY, BUT JUST DIDN'T QUITE MAKE IT... THAT IS, WITH THE PLANE INHOLE!

IT IS TOO BAD YOU COULDN'T PLOT PER COURSE SO WE COULD BACK-TRACK AND LOCATE DOT ISLAND!



I GOT HIM FIXED UP TO HERE SO FAR!

GOOD! I'LL TAKE OFF AND KEEP IN TOUCH WITH YOU ON THE USUAL FREQUENCY! KEEP TABS ON HIM AS LONG AS POSSIBLE! I'LL RADIO YOU FROM TIME TO TIME FOR MORE POSITIONS!



BT YUPITER! WE BAN GETTING BRUSH-OFF, EN, BLACKHAWK?

NOT AT ALL, OLAF! IF THERE'S A KILL, YOU'LL BE IN ON IT! IN THE MEANTIME, KEEP AN EYE ON CORA AND DR. BUNSEN!



Hours later...

THAT MUST BE IT! THE LAST REPORT FROM CHUCK HAD OUR MAN TRACED TO THIS LOCALITY!



HAAM! I FORGOT TO PUCK!

CHUCK FROM BLACKHAWK! MAY DAY, MAY DAY! FIX MY POSITION! I'VE BEEN JUMPED!



But the message is received, and Blackhawk Island hums with activity...

EV AMANT, MES AMIS!
ZE MESSAGE FROM
BLACKHAWK WAS
URGENT! WE MUST
NOT WASTE ZE
TIME!

HE SAID HE WAS
JUMPED! DOT MEANS
FIGHTERS! WE MUST
FLY A CLOSE, FAST
FORMATION!

But no sooner do the
planes take off, than...

ALL RIGHT, YOU DODDERING
OLD FOOL! I'VE LISTENED TO
YOUR WISHY-WASHY PRATTING
LONG ENOUGH! GET INTO THAT
SHACK AND START
TALKING!

WV--?
C-CORA--IT
CAN'T B-BE!



AND DON'T CALL
ME CORA! YOUR STUPID
FRIENDS WILL BE GONE
AT LEAST FIVE HOURS, IF
NOT FOREVER! SO START
TALKING! I WANT
X-225--AND I
WANT IT NOW!

OHHH!



While, in the dungeon...

I HEAR PLANES
APPROACHING! IT'S
THE BLACKHAWKS--
I CAN TELL BY THEIR
ENGINE HUMS! IF
I COULD ONLY
SIGNAL THEM!

THEY
MUST BE
WARNED!



HERE!
PERHAPS
THIS WILL
DO!

PERFECT! I'LL
FLASH THEM AS
SOON AS THEY
GET IN SIGHT!



TOUT DOUX, MES AMIS!
THERE BELOW--I SEE A
FLASH SIGNAL! EET EES
BLACKHAWK! HE WARNS
US OF DANGERE!



WE HAF CAUGHT DEM MIT
DER AILERONS DOWN! LOOK!
DEY ARE PREPARING TO
COME UP!

EH, BIEN! WE SHALL
CATCH ZE DOGS
BEFORE ZEY TAKE
OFF!



HAWKAAA!



ZE CALLS FOR A RETURN ENGAGEMENT! ZEY STEEL TRY TO TAKE OFF!



BY GAR! WE CAN MAKE SCRAP YER OUT OF DAT FIELD!



TAKS ZE REST ALIVE, MEN! WE MAY NEED HOSTAGES EFF THERE EES PURTHAIRE RESISTANCE!

ME LOOKEE PLENTY HARD BUT NO SEE MORE ALIVE!



SPEAK, COCHON, OR I WEE! SILENCE YOU FOREVAIRE! WHERE DO YOU KEEP BLACKHAWK?

ILL -- GULP! SHOW YOU! DON'T SHOOT!



SACRE BLEU! DO I SEE DOUBLE -- OR EES ZAT ZE DAUGHTER OF DR. BUNSEN?

THERE'S NO TIME TO LOSE MEN! WE'VE BEEN TRICKED LIKE SCHOOL BOYS! THIS IS THE REAL CORA BUNSEN! THE OTHER GIRL IS A DANGEROUS IMPOSTER!



BLACKAWK

WE MUST HURRY! WITH THAT SHE-DEVIL LOOSE ON THE ISLAND, DR. BUNSEN HASN'T A CHANCE!

OH, PLEASE HURRY! PLEASE!



Scraming their planes to the utmost, the Blackhawk Squadron wings homeward...

KEEP A SHARP EYE OUT WHEN WE APPROACH THE ISLAND, MEN! SHE MAY BE TRYING TO GET AWAY AT THIS VERY MINUTE!



THERE'S NO SIGN OF LIFE! WE CAN ONLY HOPE!

BET WE'LL BE ON OUR HANDS IF SHE HAS SUCCEEDED! WE SHOULD HAVE LEFT SOMEONE HERE TO WATCH!



PLEASE TRY TO SPEAK, DR. BUNSEN! WHERE DID SHE GO? DID SHE FIND OUT THE SECRET?

Y-YES-- SHE DID! SHE-- TORTURED ME! GOT X-235-- LEFT MINUTE AGO! HURRY-- STOP HER! TOOK-- BOAT!



SHE MUST HAVE TAKEN OUR BOAT! QUICK, TO THE REEF'S!

MEURTRE! BET EE'S DEATH FOR ONE WHO EE'S NOT FAMILIAR WITH ZE CHANNEL!



SHE'S HEADED FOR THE HIDDEN REEF!

BY GOLLY! ONLY A MIRACLE CAN SAVE HER! HER SECRET WILL DIE WITH HER!



But no man or woman can shun his destiny!

SHE'S DEAD! HER HEAD HIT A ROCK!



BLACKHAWK



TRAPS for the UNWARY!

A brilliant and lawless schemer sought to draw an unsuspecting aviator into his mob of raiders and plunderers...

In destroying CAPTAIN STORRALL, the Blackhawk's brought destruction to a horde of vandals, and brought freedom to a deluded and deceived young American!

In the administration offices of a big airline —



I KNOW MY FUEL SUPPLY RAN OUT — I CAN'T UNDERSTAND HOW IT HAPPENED!

BUT IT DID HAPPEN, MERRITT! YOU HAD TO MAKE A FORCED LANDING — ENDANGERED YOUR CARGO AND THE LIVES OF YOUR PASSENGERS! YOU'RE THROUGH!

YOU WON'T FLY AGAIN AFTER THAT CARELESS MISTAKE! NOT FOR US OR ANY OTHER COMPANY! PICK UP YOUR CHECK AT THE CASHIER'S AND GO!

HE'S AS UNFAIR AS THEY COME! THE HECK WITH HIM, AND THE WHOLE FLYING BUSINESS!



HE WOULDN'T GIVE ME ANOTHER CHANCE —

NO — PILOT MERRITT — HE WOULDN'T GIVE YOU ANOTHER CHANCE! BUT I WILL! COME TO WORK FOR MY COMPANY!



FLY FOR YOU? BUT I'M BLACKLISTED — GROUNDED!

WE PAY NO ATTENTION TO THAT! WE CAN OFFER YOU WORK — BIG PAY — AND MAYBE A CHANCE TO GET EVEN!



GET EVEN? YES, I'D LIKE THAT, IF I COULD DO IT FAIRLY!

WHY BE FAIR TO THOSE WHO HAVE BEEN FOUL TO YOU? GET IN, AND WE'LL GO TO THE PEOPLE WHO SENT ME!



At about the same, another interview elsewhere...

SIR, YOU KNOW THE BLACKHAWKS ARE AT THE DISPOSAL OF YOUR COMMITTEE FOR WORLD PEACE!

WE'RE GOING TO ASK THAT YOU AND YOUR FRIENDS DO SOME DETECTIVE WORK FOR US, BLACKHAWK — AND PERHAPS FOLLOW IT UP WITH ACTION!

YOU KNOW THAT THE ISLAND OF BONPIRON IS NOW A FREE, INDEPENDENT NATION—ITS PEARL FISHERIES MAKE IT POTENTIALLY A RICH, HAPPY LAND—

THEY ALSO MAKE IT POTENTIALLY A TARGET FOR PLUNDERERS AND OUTLAWS!



EXACTLY! AND TO OUR COMMITTEE COME RUMORS THAT JUST SUCH A RAID IS BEING PLANNED AGAINST BONPIRON!

WE BLACKHAWKS HAVE HEARD SIMILAR REPORTS! WE'LL TRY TO SET THOSE OUTLAWS BACK ON THEIR HEELS—AT ONCE!



Blackhawk hurries to meet his fellows at their rendezvous—

WE'RE WITH YOU, BLACKHAWK—BUT WHERE TO?

BONPIRON ISLAND! WATCH FOR TROUBLE—AND DISH OUT YOUR SHARE!



But another flight of planes also heads for Bonpiron!

TARGET IN SIGHT! SOFTEN UP WITH BOMBS—THEN, PARATROOPERS AWAY!

ROGER!

ROGER!

ROGER!



OVER—NOW BACK FOR ANOTHER RUN—THEN—

ATTENTION! COMING IN FROM THREE O'CLOCK—STRANGE PLANES!



ONE GOING DOWN! SAIL INTO THOSE OTHERS!

WE AREN'T EQUIPPED TO TACKLE FIGHTER PLANES! BREAK OFF THE ACTION!

THOSE BOMBERS ARE SUPER-SPEED JOBS! THEY'RE GETTING AWAY FROM US!

DON'T CHASE THEM! FOLLOW THE DOWNWARD DIVE OF THE ONE WE HIT!



THE WATER WILL PUT OUT THE FIRE — AND DROWN THE CREW!

STAND BY! I'M GOING TO TRY TO SAVE SOMEONE WHO CAN EXPLAIN ALL THIS!



PROBABLY A LONG SWIM DOWN — I HOPE I CAN BRING SOMETHING BACK WITH ME!



ONE SURVIVOR, BUT HE'S UNCONSCIOUS — THE PILOT!



ALORE, BLACKHAWK! YOU HAVE CAPTURED ONE OF THE RAIDERS, YES?

HE'S IN BAD SHAPE! LET'S SEE IF WE CAN BRING HIM TO!



A RAIDER, IS IT? GIVE HIM TO US — WE'LL SEE THAT HE NEVER RAIDS AGAIN!

WE MUSTN'T LET THE ISLANDERS GET HIM, MEN! HE'S MORE VALUABLE ALIVE THAN DEAD!





Later, at the lair of the mysterious bombers—

LAND ON OUR HIDDEN AIR STRIP! THEN ASSEMBLE FOR CONFERENCE! WHO WAS SHOT DOWN?

MERRITT'S PLANE? AS I LEFT I SAW THEM BRING HIM OUT OF THE DRINK!



IF MERRITT IS ALIVE—

YES, CAPTAIN STORRALL! I KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN—HE MAY TALK!



MERRITT WAS OUR NEWEST RECRUIT... HARDLY SEASONED FOR OUR NICE PROGRAM OF LOOT AND LUXURY! WE OUGHT TO RETURN AND SEE THAT HE, AT LEAST, DOESN'T LIVE TO PRATTLE!

I'M AGAINST FIGHTING THAT PARTICULAR BUNCH OF MEDDLERS! THEIR PLANES LOOK LIKE THOSE OF THE BLACK-HAWKS!



BUT ONE MAN, PARACHUTED DOWN. MIGHT DEAL WITH HIM QUIETLY—EH, YONG?

I SPEAK FOR THE ASSIGNMENT, CAPTAIN STORRALL!



And so the mysterious raiders act on their chief's orders—

I SEE THE ISLAND BELOW—THE TOWN AND THE BEACH! LET ME DROP FROM HERE! AFTERWARD I'LL STRAHL A CANOE SO YOU CAN PICK ME UP AT SEA!



THE TOWN SLEEPS—A LIGHT IN THAT SINGLE OUTLYING HUT! MERRITT MIGHT BE HELD PRISONER THERE! I'LL INVESTIGATE!



HMM—THERE'S THE GUARD ON DUTY! HE'LL BE RELIEVED OF RESPONSIBILITY—QUICKLY!



WONDER WHY HE
THOUGHT I'D BLAB TO
YOU ABOUT MY
FRIENDS?

BECAUSE THEY AREN'T
YOUR FRIENDS, MERRITT.
THEY'RE AIRBORNE
BUMS — FLYING
FELONS! YOU TRIED
TO PLAY SQUARE WITH
THEM AND LOOK WHAT
ALMOST
HAPPENED!

IT WAS THE DAY WE
SABOTAGED YOUR FUEL
TANKS TO GET YOU
GROUNDED — WE THOUGHT
YOU'D BE A WORTHY
MEMBER OF OUR
RAIDERS! NOW —

TAKE THAT SNEAKY
STABBER AWAY,
CLAF! NEPS SAID
ENOUGH TO
CONVINCE
MERRITT —
I HOPE!

SO IT WAS LIKE THAT?
THEY FRAMED ME INTO
THEIR ROTTEN RACKET!
I SWALLOWED THEIR
STUFF ABOUT GETTING
EVEN WITH
CIVILIZATION!

YOU SOUND AS
IF YOU'VE CHANGED
SIDES AGAIN,
MERRITT! COME
HERE TO HEAD-
QUARTERS!

THE RAIDERS ARE
COMMANDED BY A
MAN NAMED CAPTAIN
STORRALL! THEY
INCLUDE FLIERS FROM
ALL NATIONS — ALL
NERVY, ALL SKILLED,
AND ALL
CRIMINAL!

HAVE ZE CIGARETTE,
M'SIEU! AND ZEY
ORGANIZE TO RAID
ZE HELPLESS
SETTLEMENTS.
NO?



EXACTLY! THEY WERE
GOING TO BLOW UP
THIS TOWN AND GRAB
THE PEARLS READY FOR
SHIPMENT! WITH THAT
MONEY, CAPTAIN
STORRALL WOULD
BUILD A GREATER
ORGANIZATION!

FOR **GREATER
EVIL!** YOU GOT
OUT JUST IN TIME,
MERRITT!

YONG CAN BE MADE
TO TELL THAT I WAS
FRAMED OUT OF MY
JOB! BUT FIRST,
SUPPOSE —

FIRST, SUPPOSE YOU
HOP INTO MY PLANE
WITH ME AND GUIDE
US TO CAPTAIN
STORRALL'S
HEADQUARTERS!



Meanwhile—

WHAT'S KEEPING YONG? HE SHOULD HAVE FINISHED MERRITT AND BEEN PICKED UP BY NOW!

WAIT, CAPTAIN! HERE'S OUR CALL ON THE RADIO NOW! THE PILOT THAT WAS TO BRING YONG BACK!



ATTENTION! STAND BY FOR TROUBLE! CAN'T WAIT FOR YONG—THE BLACKHAWK PLANE'S ARE CHASING ME!

TELL THAT FOOL NOT TO LEAD THEM HERE!



HEAD THE OTHER WAY, DO YOU HEAR? IF THEY FIND WHERE WE'RE HOLED UP—

THEY'RE FILLING ME FULL OF LEAD—
OH HH!



THEY MUST HAVE GOT HIM! BUT AT LEAST HE DIED BEFORE THEY SAW HIM HEADING THIS WAY!

CAPTAIN STORRALL! QUICK! STRANGE AIRCRAFT APPROACHING!



LOOK! HERE THEY COME!

THE CURSED BLACKHAWK'S STATIONS, EVERYBODY! GET THOSE ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUNS WORKING!



HAWKAAA!

YOU CLUMSY IDIOTS! YOU MISSED! FIRE AGAIN!





MA FOY, OLAF! I SEE
I'VE ENEMY! LAND!





QUICK!
BARRICADE
YOURSELVES
IN THE
HEADQUARTERS
BUILDING!



RUSH THEM BEFORE
THEY'RE ORGANIZED!



MERCY!

THEY'RE THE MAIN
ONES WHO FRAMED
AND DECEIVED ME!
LET ME HAVE THEM BOTH—
WITH FISTS!

KEEP HIM
OFF US! WE'LL
GO BACK
WITH YOU AND
CONFESS
EVERYTHING—
OUR PLOT AND HOW
WE INDUCED HERRITT
TO JOIN US!

YOU THINK
I CAN GET
MY JOB
BACK,
THEN?

YES, AND BE
REWARDED FOR
HELPING SMASH
THIS BUNCH OF
RATS! GET IN, AND
WE'LL TEACH YOU A
VERSE OF OUR
FAVORITE
SONG!

We swoop from out
the skies
To punish crimes
and lies—
WE'RE BLACKHAWKS!



Chop Chop

AN EXPERT,
MY CRITICISM
OF SOUP IS THAT
OBVIOUSLY IT
NEED MORE
MEAT!

I'LL GIVE YOU
BOYS SOMETHIN'
TA STEW ABOUT!



WILL EAT GOOD DINNER
BEFORE FLY BACK TO
BLACKHAWK ISLAND!
MY FRIEND WON TON
RUN BEST RESTAURANT
IN TOWN!

CHOP CHOP, MY VELLY
DEAR FRIEND! I GIVE
YOU CHOICE TABLE
IN RESTAURANT!

HOSPITALITY
EXCELLENT,
WON TON!





Meanwhile, in a near-by hideaway--







PLEASURE? I BREAK
TOOTH ON STONE IN
SOUP AND YOU
EXPECT ME TO
ENJOY EXPERIENCE?

BUT—

NO BUTS! STONE VELLY
BAD INGREDIENT FOR
SOUP!

BUT—

IF YOU NOT MY FRIEND, I
HATE YOU, BUT SINCE YOU
ARE MY FRIEND I SHOW
YOU PROPER WAY TO
MAKE SOUP!



DO NOT ARGUE,
WON TON! YOU
HAVE MORE
CUSTOMERS
AFTER TASTE
OF MY SOUP!

SOMEBODY'S COMING IN!
AND I THOUGHT I WAS
LUCKY BECAUSE I
FOUND THE OVER
ASLEEP!



THEY WON'T
SEE ME IN
HERE!

FIRST I
NEED BIG
KETTLE!



THIS WILL DO!
BUT CERTAINLY
IS HEAVY!

USE HEAVY KETTLE TO
SETTLE ARGUMENT! USE
SODIUM BICARB TO
SETTLE STOMACH
AFTER TRY YOUR
SOUP!



AH, THEY'RE PUTTING THIS
KETTLE ON THE SHELF! NOW
THAT THEY'RE NOT GONNA USE
IT, I CAN TAKE A
NAP UNTIL THE
HEAT'S OFF!









South Pole BLACKHAWK MISSION

THE wind that whipped across the frozen steppes of Byrd's Land was no wind of this earth. It was something out of a nightmare. It carried the sting of a million particles of ice, and its shriek was a dirge of torture in solid cold.

This gigantic wind, that never ceased, shook and wailed around the big airplane of Blackhawk and his famous crew. Although inside it was warm, the entire fuselage outside was a sheath of heavy ice. The windows were like glass bricks.

Blackhawk and his men could not see what lay around them in this icy world of the South Pole. It was the first time they had ever visited the pole to the south—one of the few places they had not seen.

And it was a strange mission they were on this time: an attempt to discover a tropical land of prehistoric people under the ice of the polar cap!

Chuck, the only American of the party except Blackhawk, said with a laugh. "Well, if there's a tropical paradise down here, I'll eat it! The temperature must be a hundred below right now!"

"It is 64," granted the big Dutchman, Hendrickson. "Coldt, ja."

"Olaf," said Blackhawk to the Scandinavian member of the famed group, "where do you think we should start looking?"

"Hab!" snorted Olaf, whose great yellow beard made him look like a Viking. "you ask me that. Were should we start looking for a needle in a haystack, no!"

Blackhawk chuckled. "This tropical land seems impossible to find, eh, boys? Yet we have Professor van Glock's sworn statement that it is here, somewhere. We must find it."

"Eef eet us here, we weel find eet," said Andre, the Frenchman. "Personally, I'd like to see some tropical scenery, yes!"

"How do you feel about it?" Blackhawk asked Stanislaus, the Balkan adventurer. "You think there is a tropical country down here anywhere?"

Stanislaus grinned infectiously. He was a fine anthropologist and general scientist. "Anything is possible," he said, "until proved scientifically impossible."

"Said like a true man of science!" exclaimed

Blackhawk. "Then, gentlemen, what say we start the search for our paradise tomorrow? We'll spend today, what there is left of it, in checking our gear."

Every member of the crew cheered this suggestion. Even Chop Chop, the little Chinese, split his face in a toothy grin and hurried to the galley to start up some chow.

The long winter night had not set in as yet in this polar region, but the days were now only a few hours long. Evening came and went almost instantly, and then it was dark. The stars burned in the black skies like white points lit by inner fire. The wind raged ceaselessly and out of the blackness came strange moanings.

"I've heard the same sort of night sounds at the North Pole," said Blackhawk. "They always make me feel like replying, but I can never think of anything to say!"

When morning came, and a few of the group ventured into the awful cold outside, they found their ship covered with several feet of solid ice.

"It'll take some ax work to hack that ice loose," observed Blackhawk, while his breath froze in a mantle over his lower face. "It's much colder this morning."

"Darn near 80," said Chuck, brushing drops of ice from the short growth of beard on his chin. "Let's find that hot spot in a hurry!"

They were fortunate. Not three hours later, while they were slogging across the steppe, they found an enormous blowhole in the frozen crust. At first Stanislaus thought it was a volcano, but further examination revealed that it was indeed an entrance into a subterranean area.

"Eureka!" cried Blackhawk. "This looks like it! Who goes first?"

"You!" everyone shouted. So Blackhawk ducked down into the dark hole, with the others close behind him.

The descent was easy and the temperature rapidly grew warmer as they made their way downward. Soon the snow vanished, and they came across bunches of lichen and northern moss—southern in this case. Yet there was no sign of man's having used this path, nor of any animal. The hole, the Blackhawks concluded, was simply a breather for some prehistoric volcano.

The hours passed, and they still went down.

They had food supplies for several days plus fuel and matches.

It was warm now where they walked. All signs of moisture and cold had disappeared, and a sort of volcanic steam spread out under their feet.

Chuck laughed as he picked up a handful and let it spill through his fingers. "You'd almost think you were coming into a bit of Iowa farmland," he said.

"Listen!" Blackhawk held up a hand, and the group halted. A low rumble began to din itself into their ears.

"Sounds like water," said Olaf. "Or maybe the volcano is going to erupt!"

"Cripes!" said Chuck. "You would think of that!"

Blackhawk started forward. "It is water," he told them, after a look ahead.

They rounded a bend in the semi-vertical tunnel and came to a vast cavern that seemed to be miles wide. Over them rose a dome-like ceiling of solid rock, so high it was almost out of sight. An eerie, purplish light suffused everything in the place. Trees of a species long extinct grew in clumps, and giant ferns towered above the pink rocks of the cavern walls. A rushing river blocked their advance.

"The tropical paradise!" said Chuck with a reverent tone. "But where are the tropical belles?"

Andre nudged him in the ribs. "They were probably eaten long ago by—one of those, eh?" He pointed to a monster lumbering along on the opposite bank of the stream.

Blackhawk studied the beast. After a moment he turned, his eyes gleaming. "That is a megathere," he said. "Scientists say they became extinct several million years ago. Right, Stan?"

"Right," replied Stan. He was staring wide-eyed at the monster.

Olaf looked at his pocket thermometer. "We think it is warm down here," he said. "That's because the upper cold was so severe. It is 14 below in this cavern!"

At that point, Olaf's revelation hit the Blackhawk right between the eyes.

"Then the temperature accounts for what I see yonder," Chuck said, pointing to a wall of blue ice a hundred yards distant.

Everybody looked long and hard at it. Then Blackhawk walked forward several feet and stopped.

"Gosh," he said, "people are frozen in the wall!"

"Yeah," Chuck replied. "Including what might have been the belles of the so-called tropics! Look at 'em!"

The whole group hurried toward the ice wall. A few yards from it they halted and stared with incredulity at the spectacle before them.

"Hundreds of people, frozen solid," gasped Blackhawk. "And look at them! Look at their clothing! Skins of animals, coverings worn a hundred thousand years ago."

Now Stanislaus, the scientist, spoke up. "Here we witness the result of a great cataclysm. A sudden frightful cold caught these people a half-million years ago. And this is our tropical land beneath the South Pole."

"What would happen, Stan," asked Blackhawk, "if we should ship one of those bodies out?"

"It would soon disintegrate from the drastic change in temperature," said Stanislaus. "And yet—"

"Yet what?" asked Chuck quickly. He was staring at a particularly fine looking girl with long black hair and a rather pendulous lower lip.

Andre chuckled. "So my friend Chuck would like to take back a servant, eh?"

"Sourvenir, you say!" yelled Chuck. "You guys miss the point. Take a look at those diamonds!"

Blackhawk leaned closer to the frozen figure. A thing about the girl's neck held several huge uncut diamonds.

"Diamonds!" gasped Chuck. "Look at 'em!"

"A most romantic soul," sighed Andre. "Yet I cannot blame you for being cold to beauty, mon ami. That can be, as you Americans say!"

"Ice that won't melt," said Chuck, smiling. "And here's where I start chopping away at a fortune." Picking up an ax, he began to hack at the ice wall.

Olaf had been looking toward the other side of the river with quiet intent. Now he turned and said to Blackhawk, "The megathere we saw, Blackhawk, was just like this ice wall and its people. The animal is also frozen in a wall."

Blackhawk looked for a moment. Then he grinned. "Shimmers," he said drily. "Light, shimmering on that ice wall, has caused the megathere to move—or seem to move, as if in flight. Look again and you'll see that the animal is really stationary."

So it was. And the entire underground world was a frozen place—the animals and human beings frozen solidly into walls of eons-old ice.

The Blackhawk's mission was ended. They had proved that no tropical paradise exists under the vast reaches that surrounded the South Pole.

Blackhawk



Far from law and civilization the greedy, cruel SURRETT built his fortress—garrisoned it with loyal servants—and ruled as he wished and willed!

But even in that remote lair his evil deeds brought him a reckoning at the hands of
THE BLACKHAWKS!

A secret conference of airline magnates—
or, they THOUGHT it was secret—

GENTLEMEN, WE AGREE THAT
WE'RE BAFLED! WE MUST CALL
ON SOMEONE ABLE TO HELP US
OUT OF OUR SCRAPE—
SOMEONE LIKE
BLACKHAWK!

AN, DID
SOMEONE
MENTION
MY NAME?

BY THUNDER, IT IS
BLACKHAWK! HOW
DID YOU KNOW WE
WERE MEETING?
WE'VE OBSERVED
THE UTMOST
SECRECY!

THE WORLD IS FULL OF MY
FRIENDS AND HELPERS—
A HINT OF YOUR MEETING
CAME TO ME AT BLACK-
HAWK ISLAND! AND I
CAN GUESS WHY
YOU MEET!



HEADS OF THE THREE
LEADING AIRLINES OF THE
WORLD—ORDINARILY
DEADLY ENIGMAS! YOU'VE
PUT YOUR HEADS TOGETHER
TO ARRIVE AT A PLAN FOR
MUTUAL BENEFIT?

THAT'S NO
GREAT DEDUCTION!
ANY FOOL COULD
GUESS THAT!

RIGHT NOW, WHAT BOTHERS
AIR-MINDED CITIZENS OF THE
WORLD IS THE MYSTERIOUS
DISAPPEARANCE OF
CAPTAIN ARCHLEAR
AND HIS EXPERIMENTAL
PLANE!

ANOTHER BRILLIANT
GUESS, BLACKHAWK!
THE ARCHLEAR ENGINE
TO MAKE SMALL CRAFT
ULTRA-SPEEDY AND
INCREASE THEIR RANGE.
WAS RELEASED TO ALL
THREE OF OUR COMPANIES
BY MUTUAL AGREEMENT.

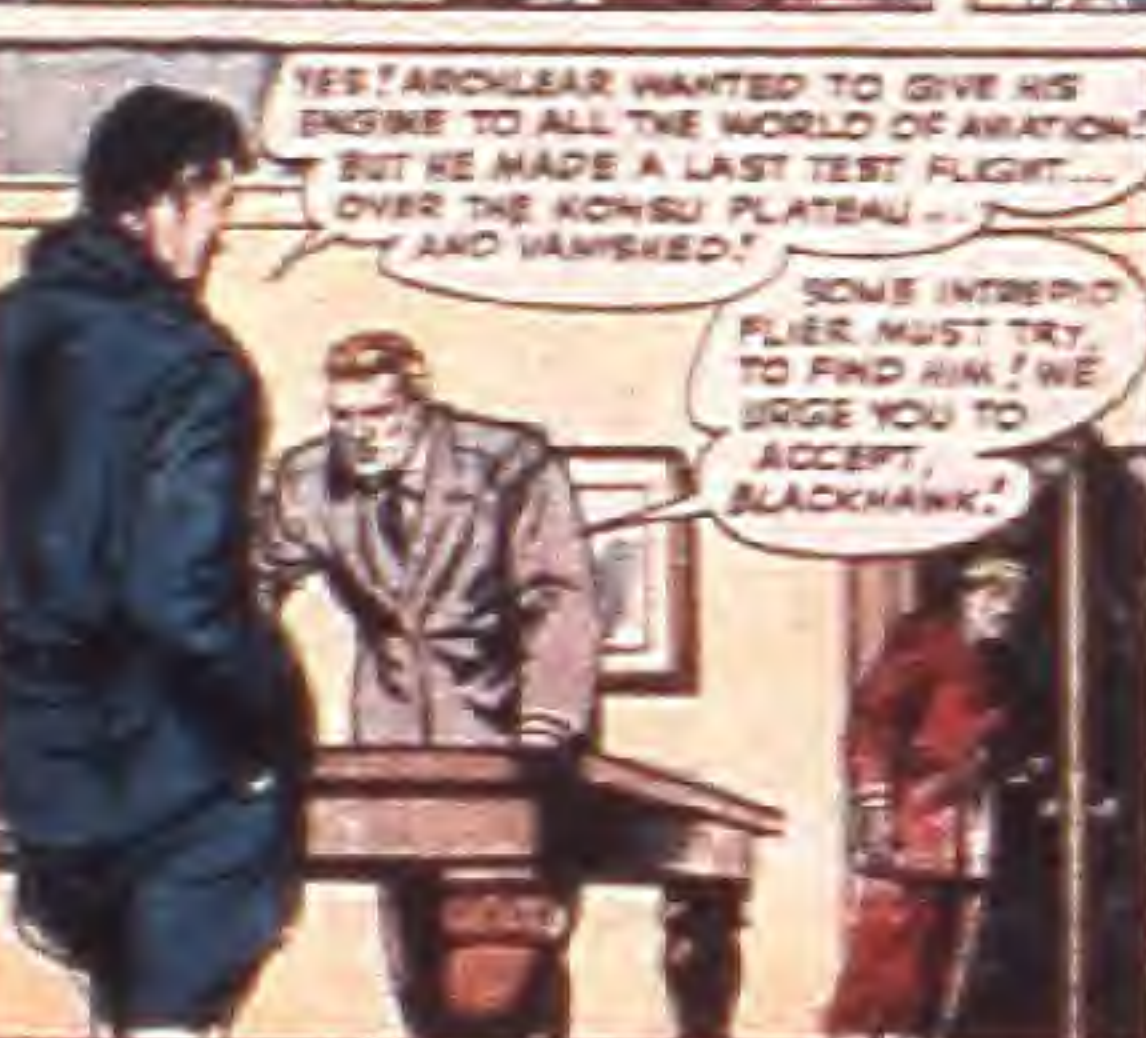


YES! ARCHLEAR WANTED TO GIVE HIS
ENGINE TO ALL THE WORLD OF AVIATION!
BUT HE MADE A LAST TEST FLIGHT—
OVER THE KONGU PLATEAU—
AND VANISHED!

SOME INTREPID
FLIER MUST TRY
TO FIND HIM! WE
URGE YOU TO
ACCEPT,
BLACKHAWK!

ACCEPT, YOU SAY! I CAME
HERE TODAY FULLY PREPARED
TO DO SO! THE WORLD
NEEDS THE ARCHLEAR
ENGINE FOR FUTURE
BENEFITS!

WELL, WELL!
WELL! HOW
GENEROUS
OF BLACKHAWK!
BUT I HADN'T
PLANNED ON
THIS AT ALL!









On the streets of Kow City...

MASTER, THE BLACKHAWKS
DROVE US AWAY AND HAVE
FLOWN OFF IN THEIR
PLANES!

WELL, HAVEN'T
WE PLANES? TAKE
TO THE AIR...OUT-
NUMBER THEM AND
SHOOT THEM
DOWN!



LOOK, BLACKHAWK!
PLANES—FIGHTING
PLANES! IT MEANS
TROUBLE!

YES, TROUBLE FOR
THEM! PREPARE
TO ATTACK!



HAWKAA!

EVERY-
BODY GET
ONE! THEN
EVERY-
BODY GET
ANOTHER!



I'LL GET THIS
BLACKHAWK—

NO, MY
FRIEND!
I'LL GET
YOU!



ZUT ALORS! ZE ENEMY
PLANES ARE RUNNING—
ZOSE ZAT CAN STILL
RUN!

RIGHT, ANDRE! BUT HERE
COMES A SWARM OF
REINFORCEMENTS! RETREAT OVER THE
KONSU PLATEAU,
MEN!



Outdistancing their pursuers, the
Blackhawks fly over the unknown
island—

LOOK, BLACKHAWK!
A TOWER IN THE
DISTANCE!

PUT!
PUT!
PUT!

AND I'M
SETTING DOWN
MY CRATE! A
BULLET MUST
HAVE COCKED
MY ENGINE!



BLACKHAWK



YOU ARE IN TROUBLE, BLACKHAWK?

NOT ME— ONLY MY MOTOR! I'LL LAND BY THE TOWER... THE REST OF YOU PICK BETTER GROUND AND THEN JOIN ME!



WHAT A MASTERFUL LANDING! I DON'T THINK THERE'S MORE THAN ONE PILOT IN THE WORLD WHO COULD LAND LIKE THAT— IT MUST BE—

BLACKHAWK!



RIGHT! AND BEHIND THAT BEARD I SEEM TO RECOGNIZE A FACE THAT WAS IN ALL THE NEWS-PAPERS A WHILE BACK— CAPTAIN ARCHLEAR!



ON MY LAST TEST FLIGHT MY ENGINE WAS TAMPERED WITH AND I HAD TO LAND HERE, JUST LIKE YOU! SURRATT'S SNEAKY HENCHMEN LOCKED ME UP!

HE WANTS YOUR ENGINE FOR HIMSELF! HOW ARE YOU BEING TREATED?



HE KEEPS ME ALIVE! WANTS ME TO PERFECT THE ENGINE FOR HIM— SO FAR I'VE REFUSED...

THE BLUE-COATED STRANGER DOES NOT SUSPECT US! LEAP BEFORE HE KNOWS!



YOU COWARDS! STRIKING MY FRIEND FROM BEHIND—

IF HE IS YOUR FRIEND, YOU CAN TALK OVER OLD TIMES IN YOUR DUNGEON!



REGARDEZ! LES MAUVAISES TYPES—Z'Y DRAG BLACKHAWK INSIDE!

CHARGE AND RESCUE HIM!









As Surratt rallies his men—

FIRE AT THOSE TWO! KILL THEM IF THEY SHOW THEIR FACES! WE'LL WATCH THE MAIN DOOR FOR ANY OTHER FOOLS WHO DARE ATTACK!



YES, I THOUGHT I HEARD SOMETHING!

AND I SEE SOMETHING! PREPARE TO DRIVE THEM BACK!



DOD WAS CLOSE!

ANOTHER SHOT AND THEY'LL GET ONE OF US, EVEN IN THIS DARKNESS!



IF YOU DARE FIRE ON MY FRIENDS—

I'LL FIRE ON YOU, BLACKHAWK! YOU'LL BE SORRY YOU LEFT YOUR CHAINS!



NICE WORK, SURRETT! YOUR BULLET KILLS YOUR OWN SERVANT!

WAIT, SURRETT! I HAVE SOME OLD ACQUAINTANCES YOU'LL WANT TO MEET!

I WON'T WAIT—I'M GOING!



BLACKHAWK!
ALLES LIGHT!
YES? YOU
GETTEE
AWAY?

THE FUN'S JUST
STARTING! SOME
TROUBLE YONDER-
LET'S GET INTO
IT!

OH, SO THEY'VE GOT
ANDRE AND OLAF OUT-
NUMBERED? GET CLOSE
TO YOUR WORK, BOYS!

HAWKAAA!



DON'T LET THEM ESCAPE!
ROUND UP ALL OF THEM!



THEY'RE ALL HERE--
EXCEPT SURREATT
HIMSELF!

SURREATT! I THINK I
KNOW WHERE HE'S
GONE! WAIT HERE
FOR ME!

YES,
WHO
IS IT?

SURREATT, CAPTAIN
ARCHLEAR! I'VE
COME FOR WHAT
WILL BE OUR
LAST TALK!

THINGS ARE GOING
WRONG FOR ME... BUT
YOU WON'T LIVE TO
SEE FREEDOM! I
HOPE YOU SAID YOUR
PRAYERS EARLIER,
BECAUSE I'M NOT
GOING TO GIVE YOU
TIME NOW!





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- * *Write* From CAPITAL to SMALL LETTERS

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BECAUSE YOU
Make Money With Your Own

**JUKE BOX
BANK**

A Real Mosey-Maker
For You... Because

FRIENDS AND RELATIVES WILL HELP
YOU SAVE, JUST TO SEE HOW IT WORKS!

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\$1.98
Post Paid
Complete With
Battery & Plug

Put Your Coins In
Slot and Press-In!

JUKE BOX
BLAZES WITH LIGHT
AS IT FLASHES:

It's Wise To Be Thrifty

AMERICAN MERCHANDISING COMPANY, 9 Madison Avenue, Montgomery 4, Ala. Dept. JB-70

"U.S." ROYAL

WITH HIS
JET-PROPELLED BIKE



"SAVING THE SECRET
SUPERSONIC PLANE"



THE ARMY
AIR FIELD, U.S.
ROYAL AND THE
BOYS OF THE
ELM CITY BIKE
CLUB USE THEIR
SPECIAL PAS-
SES TO SEE THE
NEW SECRET
SUPERSONIC
PLANE.
SUDDENLY...



LOOK! FIRE
IN THE HANGAR!



THOSE TWO FELLOWS
RUNNING TOWARD THE
PLANE-- I DON'T LIKE
THEIR LOOKS!

MAYBE THEY
STARTED THE FIRE
TO GET THE
GUARD AWAY FROM
THE PLANE!



LOOK, ROYAL,
THEY'RE MAKING OFF
WITH THE PLANE!

THEY WON'T GET FAR
IF I CAN HELP IT...
MEANWHILE, YOU
FELLAS NOTIFY
THE F. B. I.



WITH THAT PLANE'S
HEAD START AND 100
MILE TAXI-SPEED,
THIS IS A BIG ORDER--
EVEN FOR MY
JET BIKE!

JUST AS THE POWERFUL
PLANE IS ABOUT TO LEAVE
THE GROUND, U.S. JAMS
THE PLANE'S ELEVATORS,
PREVENTS THE TAKE-OFF!



A FEW MINUTES LATER...

WE HATE TO THINK WHAT MIGHT
HAVE HAPPENED IF THESE FELLOWS
HAD GOTTEN AWAY WITH THE ARMY'S
SECRET PLANE... THE F. B. I. CAN
THANK YOU BOYS FOR SEEING
THAT THEY
DIDN'T.



AND WE
CAN THANK
OUR U.S.
ROYALS
FOR REAL
BIKE SPEED
WITH
SAFETY!

FELLAS, WHEN YOU GO FOR ALL-
OUT SPEED, YOU WANT TO BE
SURE EVERYTHING'S UNDER CON-
TROL. INSIST ON U.S. ROYAL
BIKE TIRES, WITH THEIR SPECIAL
BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN, FOR REAL
CONTROL AT TOP SPEED.



"FOR SPEED PLUS SAFETY,
IT'S THE TIRE WITH THE BUILT-
IN SKID CHAIN FOR ME"--
SAYS U.S. ROYAL

U.S. ROYAL BIKE TIRES, WITH THE
SPECIAL BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN, GIVE YOU
TOP PERFORMANCE AND PERFECT CON-
TROL. NO WONDER U.S. IS AMERICA'S
FASTEST-SELLING BIKE TIRE!

U.S. BIKE TIRES

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